

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON.

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Stopped Off at Niagara Falls.

A man, seeming about sixty years of age, was telling the people in the waiting-room at the Third Street Depot yesterday that he had been East to old Massachusetts to see his sisters, and that on his way back he stopped off at Niagara Falls.

"That's the place I never saw," remarked a woman with a poke bonnet on.

"You didn't? Well, you've missed the awfulest sight on earth! I was just stunned."

"What is it like?" she asked.

"Well, there's a river, and the falls, and lots of hotels and several Injuns, and the bridal veil, and land only knows what else. If my old woman had been along she'd have wilted right down."

"There's water there, I suppose?"

"Oh, heaps of it. It pours and thunders and roars and foams and humps around in the terriblest manner. You have bit on a shirt-button in a piece of pie, haven't you?"

"No, sir."

"Well, the feeling was about the same—kinder shivers. Why, the biggest man that ever lived ain't half as big as Niagara Falls. Let him stand there and see that 'ere water tumbling over them 'ere rocks and he can't help but feel what a miserable howdy he is. You've fallen out o' bed, haven't you?"

"No, sir."

"Well, it's about the same thing, you wake up and find yourself on the floor, and you feel as if you had been stealing sheep or robbing blind men."

"What portion of the falls did you most admire?" she asked.

"The water, mum," he promptly replied. "If you'd put ten thousand barrels of beer on the roof of this building and set them all running, they couldn't begin with Niagara. It's the terriblest, appalling thing ever patented."

"Cost too much," inquired a gentleman. "Bout sixty-five cents. It's pretty tight times, and sixty-five cents don't grow on every bush, but I ain't sorry. It's a sight to talk about for twenty years to come. There's a chap in our town who used to travel with a circus, but he'll have to take a back seat when I get home. Flip-floppin' around in a circus don't begin with Niagara Falls."

"So, on the whole, you were pleased, eh?"

"Pleased? Why, I was tickled half to death! I tell you, if I had one on my farm I wouldn't sell it for no \$50 in cash! I've looked into a field whar' 750 fat hogs was waitin' to be sold for solid money but it was no sich sight as the Falls. I've seen barns afire, and eight horses runnin' away, and the Wabash River on a tear, but for downright appalling grandeur of the terriblest kind gimme one look at the Falls. You all oughter go thar'. You can't half appreciate it till you've gazed on the rum-pus."

A ROOSTER TRIED FOR LAYING AN EGG.—A recent writer on the period when animals were considerable amenable to human laws, and were tried in the courts for crime says: "But absurdities of this character were not confined to France: Switzerland gives us the record of one of the most extraordinary of them in the trial of a cock in 1474 at Basel, for having laid an egg. It was proved in the trial that cocks' eggs are the chief ingredient in which ointment and when hatched through the agency of Satan they bring forth the coatiaca, a creature most deadly to the human race. The advocate admitted all this, but denied the evil intention of the bird, as the action of the laying of the egg was a wholly involuntary act. However the bird was condemned as a devil and burned with its supposed egg at the stake."

A NEW BETTING DODGE.—The latest gag in the way of bets is to submit in writing an offer to bet a certain sum, say \$20, that "the following twenty States will go for Cleveland," or Blaine, as the case may be, and a larger sum, say \$30, that "half of the remaining eighteen States of the Union" will go for the same candidate. The lists are to be made up by the person offering the bet, after it is accepted by the taker. If betting on Cleveland the better fills the first list with States which will probably go republican, losing the \$20 bet and the second list with tolerably certain Cleveland States, gaining the larger bet and making \$10 net.—[Springfield Union.]

CURE FOR PILES.

Piles are frequently preceded by a sense of weight in the back, hips and lower part of the abdomen, causing the patient to suppose he has some affection of the kidneys or neighboring organs. At times, symptoms of indigestion are present, as flatulency, meagerness of the stomach, etc. A moisture, like perspiration, producing a very disagreeable itching, after getting warm, is a very common attendant. Blind, bleeding and itching Piles yield at once to the application of Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, which acts directly upon the parts affected, absorbing the Tumors, allaying the intense itching and affecting a permanent cure. Price 50 cents. Address the Dr. Bosanko Medicine Co., Piquette, Ohio. Sold by McRoberts & Stagg.

Tobacco Pulp for Paper Making.

A new invention of great interest to paper makers and tobacco growers, and consequently of special interest to the inhabitants of Connecticut Valley, where both of these industries are prominent, is just announced from Waverly, N. Y. W. W. Bennett, of that place, having discovered a process for utilizing the hitherto useless stalks and stems of the tobacco plant as a substitute for wood pulp in the manufacture of paper. The idea is comparatively simple; and if the results are as striking as represented will prove of great value to manufacturers, the tobacco pulp, it is claimed, producing a much stronger paper than wood at a much smaller cost. Samples of paper made by this process under unfavorable conditions show comparatively few defects; and the strength is said to have been successfully tested by lifting a hundred pound boy on a single broad sheet. A great point in the manufacture of pulp is the fact that only the ordinary machinery, found in every paper mill, is required—beaters, rotors and grinding machines; while wood has to be skinned, strapped, relieved of knots and rotten parts and grated. The average quality of the wood used loses from 60 to 80 per cent. in waste, and the most expensive chemical process of producing it to pulp brings the amount of waste down only to 52 per cent. Tobacco pulp, however, reduced by a purely mechanical process to a bone-dry pulp shows a waste of only 5 per cent. If the new invention proves successful, it will be hailed with delight by tobacco farmers as well as by paper-hangers; for the tobacco stalk has always been a burden, good for nothing except manure. A thousand and one unsuccessful attempts have been made to utilize it for almost every conceivable purpose, and the patent office contains the relics of numerous chimerical inventions. Now, however, the farmers can have the stuff taken off their hands, and can secure as much manure as before from the juice extracted in the process of reduction. The tobacco plant, as is known, furnishes one of the toughest of fibres. The patentee is trying to establish headquarters for the manufacture of the pulp in five or six centers of the paper and tobacco trade, including the Connecticut Valley, New York, Philadelphia, Virginia and Chicago. The idea is to let out the right of manufacturing to a single firm in a region for a royalty.—[Springfield Republican.]

During the war with the South there was a certain company of raw recruits marching rapidly to the front. Their way to the outpost along a Virginia road which stretched over rolling country that was dotted here and there with clumps of trees. At a turning they saw ahead of them a pine grove, which grew about a hundred yards to the left of their path, but they were unaware that in its midst a squad of rebel cavalry was lying in ambush. As the company got abreast of the timber the guerrillas opened a scattering fire on their flank. It was the first time that the recruits had heard bullets singing over their heads and moreover they had no idea that the enemy was within five miles of them, so they were uncertain how to regard this demonstration. The squad, undetermined what to do, halted; and one big German, after putting his hands to his mouth trumpet fashion, shouted toward the trees: "Sob shooting!" and then turning excitedly to the officer in command, exclaimed: "What de devil dey do about? Don't dey know dey is some people here?"

"Here, waiter," exclaimed an angry old fellow in a restaurant. "Here's a hair in this butter."

"Did you find it in base?"

"Of course I found it, you black scoundrel!"

"I congratulate you, sah. You see, dat putty widdy 'cross de street said dat yer could see well enough ter find a ha'r in de butter, but er ugly ole 'oman said yer couldn't, so da put a ha'r in de butter, sah. Glad ter see dat yer's gained a pint."

"Ah, you are a clever fellow. Here's a quarter for you."—[Arkansas Traveler.]

A SMOKE CONSUMING LOCOMOTIVE.—An engine of a novel type, designed by Charles B. Coventry, has recently been constructed by Brooks Locomotive Works for the Chicago Locomotive Improvement Company. The headlight is placed where the stack is generally, while the stack is at the rear of the boiler and close to the cab. The boiler is one of the largest manufactured (what is known as a 60 inch shell) and the smoke, gas, etc., traverse it twice, along the bottom and over back on top to the stack. This makes such a good combustion that the finer particles of fuel, the gas and the smoke are almost entirely consumed and when the engine is going at full speed it is impossible to see any smoke. The smoke stack itself is very small, being not more than seven or eight inches in diameter. Among the advantages of this invention it is said it gets a steady, even draught, reduces the waste of fuel to a minimum and throws no cinders, sparks or fire. The locomotive is peculiar in appearance, but it is said that it does its work well. It weighs 40 tons.

McROBERTS & STAGG.

The Druggists, who are always looking after the interest of their customers, have now secured the sale of Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup, a remedy that never fails to cure Colds, Pains in the Chest, and all Lung Affections. For proof Coughs, try a free sample bottle—Regular size 50 cents and \$1.00.

The Strongest Document Yet.

The severest criticism ever written of a public man in the United States is that which is contained in the brief but significant letter from the widow of the late U. S. Senator Morrill, of Maine, addressed to the chairman of the republican State committee of Ohio. The chairman of that committee, unmindful of the fact that the late Senator had been dead nearly eighteen months, addressed to him a letter soliciting his aid in the Ohio campaign in support of Mr. Blaine. The widow of the deceased statesman replied to this solicitation in the following terms:

"I am in mourning for my husband; but, as much as I mourn his death, I thank my Father in heaven that he called him home before the party he loved so well and did so much for had so disgraced itself as to nominate so wicked and corrupt a man for the highest office within the gift of the American people, as I know and my husband knew James G. Blaine to be. If he were alive he would not support Mr. Blaine, or any such man, even at the bidding of his party. CHARLOTTE MORRILL.

As a campaign document, the foregoing short letter can hardly be surpassed. It is unmistakable in language and in spirit. It possesses a thrilling effect. It is equal to a voice of warning to the country from the very grave of Senator Morrill, whose pure character and conscientious convictions were never impugned by even his most implacable political foes. It will be difficult for any republican orator to answer Mrs. Morrill.—[Sunday Argus.]

Tattooing the Girls.

Tattooing inks are rather expensive. One of those little sticks of India ink costs me \$3.25; but then I can do \$100 worth of work with it so you see it don't come to so much after all. Yes, they are the only colors I use, red and blue. The black ink gets blue when I put it under the skin. Of course, I can't give any particular color to a girl's eyes and cheeks, but I come near enough to it to please my customers, and you would be surprised to learn what different kind of customers we have. Many is the time I've had two sisters looking out of the window watching for their mother and father while I was busy tattooing the third sister. I get at least a dozen jobs of that kind in a year, and sometimes more, and from ladies, too, that live up town on the avenues. What they ask for most frequently is to have some name tattooed where it can't be seen in ball costume, and the design most in demand is a garter, with the name of a gentleman, or his name worked in as a clasp. Some of them want a necklace tattooed around their necks. But I always advise them against it, because they are sure to wish it were off some day, and of course, once on, it's got to stay there while the skin does.—[New York Sun.]

FALL STYLES FOR MEN.—The fashion for men's clothing do not show any very radical changes as to cutting. The time-honored Prince Albert appears of medium length. Cutaway coats are to be worn with one to five buttons, according to the wearer's taste. The one-button cutaway is now a standard coat. The five-button cutaway is the latest.

Fall overcoats are to be single breasted, dyed and lined with silk, cut with long front.

For materials, plaids, checks, stripes and suitings are to be in demand. Some of the plaids shown are rather large and some of the stripes rather wide, but most of the patterns are more subdued.

The principal novelty in men's goods is a very fine diagonal for dress coats. It was introduced last season. It was found to be an effective way of spotting the old dress coats, which can not now be laid by and worn a series of years without detection. The new material is found to be lighter and more elastic, and as neat as the traditional broadcloth. It may be put down as settled that broadcloth for dress coats is doomed.

Vests are to be cut single-breast, high with no collar.

Trousers are to be cut larger in the legs than last season, almost straight, with bottoms neither large nor small, but medium.—[N. Y. Sun.]

"I say, mister, did you see a dog come by here that looked as if he were a year or a year and a half or two years old?" said a yankee gentleman to a countryman at the roadside. "Yes, said the countryman, thinking himself quizzed: 'he passed an hour or an hour and a half or two hours ago, and is a mile or a mile and a half or two miles ahead; he had a tail an inch or an inch and a half or two inches long.'"

"That will do," said the gentleman; "you're ahead of me a foot or a foot and a half or two feet."

In New York a bachelor can live on \$1,500 a year; if he marries his annual expenses become \$3,500. As most of the bachelors don't have \$3,500, they get gloomy and go it alone.

George Washington would not have gone to a dentist, as Mr. Arthur did. He would have tied a string around the tooth and yanked it out himself.

THIS IDEA OF GOING WEST

to Colorado or New Mexico, for pure air to relieve Consumption, is all a mistake. Any reasonable man would use Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup for Consumption in all its first stages. It never fails to give relief in all cases of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pains in the Chest and all affections that are considered primary to Consumption. Price, 50 cents and \$1.00. Sold by McRoberts & Stagg.

She Had Never Bathed Before.

The human form divine is not often seen to perfection on the beach and the bathing dress is seldom an adornment. No little trouble some bathers have taken to array themselves with an eye to startling effects, and they have generally sacrificed the material to the effect. As a rule the costumes look like those worn by ballet girls at rehearsals, and modest, so far as a bathing dress can be modest. But few even then have the modesty of Mme. Taglioni, who who said to one of her admirers when he asked that she should shorten her dress "just a little": "Signor, I do not dance for men; I dance for wives and daughters." One fair maid, blessed by nature with a beautiful figure, appeared a few days ago in a light suit of white flannel, blue silk stockings, with sandals to match. About her neck she wore a red silk handkerchief, with the point hanging down at the back; on her head a little pointed cap of red silk. As she ran along the sand she looked so fair and beautiful that men and women cried out, "Oh, look at the lovely creature!" She made but one mistake and that was—she went into the water; for when she came out the white flannel clung to her like tissue paper, and the women said, turning their eyes away: "Did you ever see anything like that before?" Later in the day some one asked her if she did not know what would happen to so light a material, to which she replied: "I live in St. Louis and I have never bathed, except in a bathtub." Sweet simplicity.—[Narragansett Correspondence Telegram.]

A few weeks since the Times published a manly statement from Rev. Lansing Burrows, a great Baptist divine of Augusta, Ga., in which he gave the reasons, from a christian standpoint, why he would support Gov. Cleveland. Bishop Huntington, of Syracuse, a great light of his church, says of the democratic candidate: "His public life has been trustworthy, upright and manly. He is a man of honor and there is much in his public career to admire." Touching upon the scandal concerning Governor Cleveland's private life, Bishop Huntington said, with emphasis: "Believing, as I do, that this is a thing of the past and no part of his present character, I shall certainly vote for him. Until I came into this State I never heard aught about this scandal. He does not look with complacency on the past and is not living as a disolute man. According to the christianity which I teach we are to forgive, and as I understand that he is living an honorable life in the present, I see no reason why I should not cast my vote for the reform Governor, Grover Cleveland."

Burning camphor gum is said to disperse mosquitoes.

You Can Have It.

"My dear, what would I give to have your hair!" is often said by middle aged ladies to young ones. Madam, you may have just such hair. Parker's Hair Balsam will give it to you. It will stop your hair from falling off, restore the original color and make it long, thick, soft and glossy. You need not stand helplessly envying the girls. The Balsam is not oily, not a dye, but is an elegant dressing and is especially recommended for cleanliness and purity.

Positive Cure for Piles.

To the people of this country we would say that we have been given the agency of Dr. Marchal's Italian Pile Ointment—emphatically guaranteed to cure or money refunded—Internal, External, Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles. Price 50 cents a box. No cure, no pay. Penny & McAlister, Druggists.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers.

We emphatically guarantee Dr. Marchal's Cathartic, a female remedy, to cure Female Diseases, such as Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and displacement or bearing down feeling, Irregularities, Barrenness, Change of Life, Leucorrhoea, besides many weaknesses springing from the above, like Headache, Bloating, Spinal Weakness, Sleeplessness, Nervous debility, Palpitation of the Heart, &c. For sale by druggists. Price \$1 and \$1.50 per bottle. Send to Dr. Marchal, Ulster, N. Y., for pamphlet, free. For sale by Penny & McAlister, Druggists.

New Store!

I have just opened on Depot street a full line of Staple and Fancy Groceries that I will sell low for cash or country produce. I am also agent for the Stanford Woolen Mills Yarns and Flannels, of which I always keep a full stock. Give me a call and save money. P. I. HATTINGLY, Stanford, Ky.

ICE! ICE!! ICE!!!

I will deliver Ice to regular customers every morning at

ONE CENT PER POUND.

Accounts due at the close of each month or when customer quits.

R. E. BARROW.

FARM FOR SALE!

I offer for sale privately my farm, near the Hustonville & Coffey's Mill pike, 1 mile west of Mt. Salem, Post-office, Lincoln county, containing 67½ Acres. There is a large barn on the place and the other improvements are fair. It is well watered and fenced. I have 5 acres in tobacco and 15 acres in corn that I will sell either with the farm or not, as the purchaser desires. Terms liberal. Call on or address D. W. DUNN, Mt. Salem, Ky.

G. R. Waters

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D. H. Baldwin & Co.,
Louisville, Ky., Cincinnati, O., and Indianapolis, Ind., dealers in Steinway & Sons' Decker Bros' Haines', J. & C. Fischer, Vose & Sons' Baldwin & Co's Cottage, Upright and Square Piano Fortes; also the Eskey, Shoninger and Hamilton Organs. Instruments sold at prices and terms to suit purchasers. Don't give your orders till you get our prices and terms. Post-office, Danville, Ky.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL!

STANFORD, KY.

I have rented the above centrally located Hotel, and will use every effort to give entire satisfaction to the public. Neat, cool rooms; excellent table; cheap rates. Give me a call.

282-4m J. B. CLARK.

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We are running our mill for Carding and Spinning and doing good work. Wool can be sent by express to us and returned same way; pack grease securely in bundles. Carding white rolls, 8 cts., black and mixed, 10 cts., per pound when grease is furnished, 2 cents added when we furnish it. Send on your wool and give us a trial.

270-4m W. WATSON & SON, Mitchellburg, Ky.

CARPENTER & CAMNITZ,

UNDERTAKERS.

McKINNEY, - - - - - KY.

Are prepared to furnish Wood and Metal Burial Cases, Hearse and Burial Robes of all kinds.

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OPERA HOUSE,

STANFORD, KY.

W. P. WALTON, - - Proprietor.

Size of Stage, 20x50. Eight complete sets of scenery. Seating capacity, including gallery, 600. Reasonable rates to good attractions. Address as above.

T. R. WALTON,

GROCEER,

Cor. Main and Somerset Sts.

—ALWAYS ON HAND FULL STOCK OF—

Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Tin-, Glass- and Queensware, Tobaccos, Cigars, Confectioneries, &c.

—VERY—

LOW PRICES GIVEN FOR CASH,

And to Prompt Paying Short-time Customers. No goods sold on long time.

—USE—

GOLDEN PATENT FLOUR,

Made from the best Minnesota Wheat. For sale only by

T. R. WALTON.

—TRY—

Ne Plus Ultra Coffee,

—BEST ROASTED RIO,—

As Good as Arbuckles.

For sale only by

T. R. WALTON.

CULMINATION OF SUCCESS!

Opens Sept. 3rd.
Closes Oct. 4th.

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EXPOSITION

THE MOST IMPORTANT DISPLAY OF INDUSTRY AND ART EXHIBITED IN THIS COUNTRY, THE CENTENNIAL EXCEPTED.

They have been attended by 4,000,000 of visitors.

NOVELTIES IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.

Cincinnati Grand Orchestra Afternoon and Evening—Concerts on the Great Organ Morning and Afternoon—World Renowned Soloists, Vocal and Instrumental.

COMPREHENSIVE DISPLAYS EXHIBITED BY THE U. S. GOVERNMENT, REPRESENTING ALL DEPARTMENTS.

The Wonders of all Previous Expositions will be Edified in the Present, Requiring the Erection of Additional Buildings.

Reduced Railroad Fares—Hotels will only Charge Regular Rates.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS. COME ONE! COME ALL!

W. P. WALTON.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,
GROVER CLEVELAND,
OF NEW YORK.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
THOMAS A. HENDRICKS,
OF INDIANA.

ELECTORS—FOR STATE AT-LARGE,
BEN S. ROBBINS,
W. B. FLEMING.

DISTRICT ELECTORS,
First—Rhea Boyd, of McCracken County.
Second—Cromwell Adair, of Union County.
Third—John S. Rhea, of Logan County.
Fourth—Sam B. Berry, of Marion County.
Fifth—J. P. Ballitt, Jr., of Jefferson County.
Sixth—Leslie T. Applegate, of Pendleton County.
Seventh—Ira Julian, of Franklin County.
Eighth—G. N. Robinson, of Shelby County.
Ninth—S. S. Savage, of Boyd County.
Tenth—John P. Sellers, of Morgan County.
Eleventh—Bollin Hurt, of Adair County.

FOR CONGRESS,
GOV. JAMES B. MCCREARY,
OF MADISON.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

Cholera is not increasing in Europe.
A terrible flood prevails near Geron, in Spain causing loss of life.
John G. Carlisle was nominated by acclamation at Falmouth Tuesday.
France refuses to accept the mediation of any foreign power and will fight China.
Hariz's speeches in Indiana are said to have united the Germans against Blaine.
Senator Voorhees touches for 15,000 majority for the democratic ticket in Indiana.
A Cripe, of McPherson, Kan., killed his brother yesterday for the seduction of Cripe's daughter.
Hon. E. T. Lillard, of Nicholasville, was held for indecently assaulting Nellie Ruse, the 14 year old girl.
Several hundred thousand people witnessed the grand pageant of Cincinnati and the spectacle was very grand.
Georgia, Ohio and West Virginia will vote in October for State officers and Legislatures, and the last two for Congressmen also.
The boiler at the cotton compress at Eufala, Ala., exploded. The building and 300 bales of cotton were consumed; 25 or 30 persons were killed.
William Searcy who was wanted for the murder of two men in Nelson county, refused to surrender to a sheriff's posse and was shot to death.
A warrant was issued for the arrest of W. J. Duncan, late cashier of the Louisville Banking Company, charging the embezzlement of \$48,000.
Crops in the northwest have been greatly damaged by the unusually cold weather. Five inches of snow fell at Moncton, N. B., on Sunday.
The Boston Globe and other republican papers are demanding that Blaine withdraw from the ticket and account for the Mulligan letters just made public.
Capt. Barry South, Warden of the Kentucky penitentiary, was removed from the position and Captain Edmund H. Taylor was appointed to fill the vacancy.
A "Life of Grover Cleveland" has been issued from the press in Cincinnati, being a pamphlet of 200 blank pages. The same senseless business was worked on Hancock.
While Patsy Skyles was hunting squirrels near Louisville, Ky., he used the butt of his gun to punch at a squirrel in a hole. His remains were taken to Ashland.
In Pikeville, Warren county, Ky., a lot of scoundrels went to a church where night services were being held and cut to pieces every bride, saddle and harness on the ground.
The Federation of Labor has rescinded the resolutions adopted some time ago boycotting Cleveland on account of his veto of bills claimed to be in the interest of workmen.
Arkansas swallows both Maine and Vermont, with room to spare. Vermont gives a republican majority of 22,400; Maine gives a republican majority of 20,230; both together 42,630. Arkansas gives a democratic majority of 44,136, making Arkansas ahead of both 1,506—[St. Louis Republican].
The democracy of Louisville held a monster enthusiastic ratification meeting at Liederknauz Hall Tuesday night. Addresses made by Hon. E. J. McDermast, Ben S. Robbins and Senator-elect Joe S. Blackburn. Cleveland was referred to as Tulden's political heir and the election of the democratic ticket predicted.
Speaking of Blaine's Mulligan letters the N. Y. Herald says that "while perverting to the use of speculative schemes an official authority bestowed in the interest of the people, Blaine even descended to the infinite meanness of cheating right and left his confederate chests and to playing pitifully sharp games upon those friends in Maine who, having confidence in him, put their moneys through him into what he praised as a good investment."
The Court of Appeals affirmed the decision of the Jefferson circuit court in the case of George Levi, ex-Chief of the Louisville Fire Department, who was convicted or making false entries on the city tax books of Louisville and sentenced to three years in the penitentiary. Levi was connected with David Ferguson and Cope Snapp in robbing the city of about \$150,000, but Levi, it is claimed, was the least guilty of the three. Ferguson was pardoned by Gov. Blackburn after serving only three months of a five-year sentence in prison and Snapp, although convicted, managed to escape the clutches of the law, the Supreme Court holding in substance that his offense was only a breach of trust.

The Official vote.

THE vote of the candidates, as counted by the district committee at Nicholasville Tuesday, is follows:

COUNTIES.	DEMOCRATIC	REPUBLICAN	THIRD PARTY
Anderson.....	418	808	455
Boyle.....	98	1001	216
Garrard.....	373	254	269
Owsley.....	202	3	47
Jackson.....	186	9	121
Laurel.....	601	68	53
Lincoln.....	642	534	233
Rockcastle.....	464	19	108
Madison.....	2413	10	97
Jessamine.....	534	317	187
Merrett.....	158	875	1684
Spencer.....	208	244	367
Shelby.....	777	689	658
Totals.....	17,009	3849	4375

It will thus be seen that McCreary beat Thompson 2,724 and Darham 3,259. Thompson beats Darham 526, but he would not have done so by a jug full had the fair thing been done in Mercer.
The committee declared Gov. McCreary the nominee and also recommended Joe A. Cohen as candidate for Member of Board of Equalization, he having received the largest vote cast in that race.

A little girl of three explained the Golden Rule to her sister after this fashion: "It means that you must do everything that I want you to do, and you mustn't do anything that I don't want you to." And that is precisely the explanation that many older people give.

A HARBOR DEATH.—"Did the remains indicate in any way that the man died hard?" asked the coroner.
"Yes sir."

"You noted signs of a struggle, did you—something tending to show that the poor fellow defended himself?"
"No sir."
"What reason then have you for thinking that the man died hard?"
"Because when I found him he was frozen solid."

BUSINESS IS DULL.—A country merchant caught a thief going through his cash drawer.
"Hello there," he sang out, "what do you want in that drawer?"

"Oh, nothing," said the man, sheepishly backing off and trying to get away.
"Well, don't let me disturb you. Just go right ahead; you'll find exactly what you say you want. I've found the same thing there for the past six weeks."—[Merchant Traveler].

A GREAT DODGER.—James G. Blaine is the great dodger; not the artful dodger, but the great dodger, the constant dodger.

He began dodging when he dropped his own religion and assumed another, some 25 years ago and he has been dodging ever since. Looking back a decade or more we find him jumping out of a window of the Capitol to avoid a fellow Congressman with whom he had broken faith.

A little later he is seen dodging responsibility in the Credit Mobilier swindle and two or three years after that he performs his great act of the knee-drill before Mr. Mulligan, securing letters under a promise of return and dodges his word.

Then came the sun-stroke dodge, supplemented in a brief three weeks by his colossal dodge from the House to the Senate to avoid the impending blow of an investigation.

And thus he has been dodging all his life. Yesterday he renewed his old game and made the prettiest, most amusing and most contemptible dodge of all. When he went to the polls he didn't go like a man and vote the whole ticket. He voted for Governor and on the question of prohibition he dodged! He dared do neither one thing nor the other. He had not the courage to face the women and not vote, so he waited until the last minute, after the temperance women had left the polls, and then—dodged!

He can't dodge the Cleveland avalanche in November.—[Boston Globe].

Ireland pays eight million per annum in taxes to England.

SWITZERLAND.

AS SEEN BY GEO. O. BARNES

"PRAISE THE LORD"
4 PARK TERRACE, HIGHGATE, LONDON, N. July 26th 1884.

Dear Interior: (Continued from last issue.)

A fitting terminus to our Swiss journey is at Geisbach, where a glorious cascade leaps at 20 bounds down a mountain side of 5,000 feet. The hotel is one-third of the way up in front of the falls, giving you two-thirds of them at one view. Again, most indescribable beauties mock the pen and tongue. We spent an hour or two here and then turned homeward.

Here also I invested in an Alpenstock as a memento of the Swiss tour and Geisbach in particular; which, before dismissing, I may as well state was the cause of more anxiety and annoyance than I dreamed of when I bought it. It was very clean, long and straight, with a spike of peculiar brightness at the lower point. In fact it was exactly like a new rake handle, with a spike and broad ferule at one end. This, I undertook to land in London. Had it been a battered staff with blunted point, I had not come to grief. But it was so startlingly clean and new and the steel so evidently untried, that my fellow travelers from Geisbach to Neuchatel turned and took a second look at me and it then away with a suppressed titter, or broad grin, if of the vulgar, or covert smile, if well-bred. At Neuchatel I determined to endure it no longer, but carefully wrapped my obnoxious staff in newspapers from "read to end," sheathing the spike in a large cork; and tying it with such a complication of strings as thoroughly to baffle curiosity. Then I had my revenge, if it was vicious.

How many longing looks trying to solve the riddle I intercepted; how many inquisitive glances never to be satisfied, I detected and gloated over; how many male and female wondering stares I secretly chuckled at that said as plainly as eyes could speak, "whatever has he in that parcel?" I kept my counsel. No French custom-house officer, nor English ditto, nor hotel keeper, nor restaurant waiter ever found out what I was carrying so carefully. When I landed at 4 Park Terrace, I "undid" my package. It stands in its place, as clean and bright as when I bought it—a pleasant memento of delightful journey to the land of Alpenstocks. "Revenge is sweet"—of this innocent order.

We flew when we set our faces homeward. Sailing up Lake Thun we got our first grand view of an Alpine snowy range. Hitherto we had only seen isolated peaks, but here and until we left Switzerland we had the glorious chain of spotless white constantly in view. At Neuchatel we could see the whole stretch of the Alps from Mt. Blanc on the right to Matterhorn on the left. To my taste the Blumless peak is the symmetrical of all. Mont Blanc is king, of course. And Jungfrau queen. The Matterhorn is a terrible peak, as also the Wetterhorn. But I should not like to climb any of them. I am content with honest terra firma and banker not after glaciers and such like, as when a younger man.

This unbroken view of the whole range one gets at NEUCHATEL.

This was the last city we visited. An hour and a quarter by rail and you strike Pontarlier, on French soil. We were in Neuchatel about 10 hours, which we spent by the placid lakeside, looking and looking at the snowy Alps. It is wonderful how they so fill the eye, that it is unpeppably restful to look at them by the hour. The weather was perfect and on a comfortable settee under the shade of the great horse chestnuts we sat dreamingly gazing upon the distant snow mountains, or watching the fishing or pleasure boats upon the smooth surface of the beautiful Lake Neuchatel. It was a fitting close to our peaceful and refreshing rambles in Switzerland; and like the dear LORD'S love to send us off home with such a charming final remembrance.

By express from Neuchatel to Paris in a night. Another delightful day in the beautiful capital, spent in most active sight-seeing and then a run by night to Dieppe. We boarded our old friend, the Paris, at that port at 1 A. M. of the 25th, and with a crowded cabin, rough sea and fellow passengers fearfully sick, had a second taste of the English Channel, very different from the first. As soon as our little steamer stuck its nose out of Dieppe harbor the waves caught her as if they had been lying in wait, and snatched at and tossed her in such a demonical fashion that the poor wretches in the cabin succumbed at once, and seen the retchings below responded to the howl of the gale above; and this duet lasted the voyage out. Ever anon a thumping wave would strike the vessel's side and then the fierce swish that told of a deck flooded from stem to stern, gave a nautical variety to the night's experience that we "old salts" were quite familiar with. By trusting, with both eyes fast shut and hugging the hard pillows closely, Vernon and I both escaped nausea, and the contents of our respective stomachs remained where they were. Once we were well high undone. Hearing that New Haven harbor was just about to be entered, we incautiously sprang up and ran on deck, but ran down again with increased speed, as one sight of heaving sea, set us to imitating it instantly. Happily we reached our bisters in time to arrest calamity, where we lay with closed eyes until we felt from the ever keeled motion of the Paris that we were in port. Then we got out of her as soon as the customs authorities would let us. Only in New Haven was there a sharp inspection of baggage—the dynamitards having made it unpleasant for honest travelers. I wonder they let my Alpenstock through without examination and unwrapping. But they did. Our tickets called for Brighton and we thought we might as well get all we could out of them. So we ran down to the famous watering place, had a delicious wash with clean towels at the Kation, talked English with an abandon of enjoyment that can only be appreciated by one who has been "mauled" for a month on the continent; cabbed Brighton for an hour and a half, seeing it as much as we wished. Then we dined at the station on a real British basin—the first thorough meal such as we had been used to since leaving old England. No more omelet nor *café au lait*, with a yard of narrow bread to horrify; but a wholesome cut of roast beef for Vernon and ditto of mutton for self; vegetables galore; and an appetite sharpened by a month of abstinence from victuals we delighted in. Didn't we pitch in? It is one of the sensual memories of my life—that "square meal" at Brighton.

Home again! Praise the LORD! Ever in Jesus,
GEO. O. BARNES.

To Whom it May Concern.

R. C. Bradley, of Stanford, gave me a check for \$20 on the Farmers National Bank of Stanford, which bank refused to honor, owing to some misunderstanding. The report that Mr. Bradley was arrested is not true and does him an injustice. The check was satisfactorily adjusted by Mr. Bradley as soon as he was advised, and his actions in this matter have been that of a perfect gentleman. Respectfully,
E. FISHBACK, R. R. Agt.

When inquired of by telegram by Mr. Fishback as to whether or not Mr. Bradley's check was good, owing to a misunderstanding as to another supposed check, I answered that it was not good. But when the check was properly presented for payment, it was promptly paid by the bank.

W. M. BRIGHT,
Teller Farmers Nat. Bank.

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THE CURFEW HEROINE.

It lacked half an hour of curfew toll. The old bell ringer came from under the battled roof of his cottage stoop and stood with uncovered head in the clear, sweet-scented air. He had grown blind and deaf in the service, but his arm was as muscular as ever, and he who listened this day marked no faltering in the heavy metallic throbs of the cathedral bell. Old Jasper had lived through many changes. He had told out his notes of mourning for good Queen Bess and with tears scarcely dry had rung out the glad tidings of the coronation of James. Charles I. had been crowned, reigned and expiated his weakness before all England in Jasper's time, and now he who, under the army, held all the commonwealth in the hollow of his hand, ruled as more than a monarch, and still the old man with the habit of a long life upon him, rang his matin and vespers.

He was moving with a slow step toward the gate, when a woman came in hurriedly from the street and stood beside him; a lovely woman, but with a face so blanched that it seemed carved in the whitest of marble, with all of its roundness and dimples. Her great, solemn eyes were raised to the aged face in pitiful appeal, and the lips were forming words that he could not understand.

"Speak up, lass. I am deaf and can not hear your clatter."

"For heaven's sake, Jasper, do not ring the curfew bell to night?"

"What! Na ring curfew? Ye must be daft, lassie!"

"Jasper, for sweet heaven's sake—for my sake—for one night in all your life forget to ring the bell. Fail this once and my lover shall live, whom Cromwell says shall die at curfew toll. Do you hear? My lover, Richard Temple. See, Jasper, here is money to make your old age happy. I sold my jewelry Lady Maud gave me and the gold shall all be yours for one curfew."

"Would you bribe me, Lily de Vere? Ye're changeling. Ye've na the blood of the Piagatogens in ye're veins as ye're mother had. What! corrupt the bell-ringer under her majesty, good Queen Bess? not for all the gold Lady Maud could bring me. Bess has been born and strong men died before now at the ringing of my bell. Awa! Awa!"

And out of the village green, with the solemn shadows of the limes lengthening over it, a strong man awaited for the curfew to toll for his death. He stood handsome and brave, and tall—taller by an inch than the tallest pikeman who guarded him.

What had he done that he should die? Little it mattered in those days, when the sword yielded by the great Cromwell was so prone to fall, what he or others had done. He had been scribe to the late lord up at the castle, and Lady Maud, forgetting that man must woo and woman must wait, had given her heart to him without the asking, while the gentle Lily de Vere, distant kinswoman and poor companion to her, had, without the seeking, found the treasures of his true love, and had held them fast. Then he had joined the army. But a scorned woman's hatred had reached him even there. Enemies and deep plots had compassed him about and conquered him. To-night he was to die.

The beautiful world lay as a vivid picture before him. The dark green wood above the rocky hill where Robin Hood and his merry men had dwelt, the frowning castle with its drawbridge and square towers, the long stretch of moor with the purple shadows upon it, and green, straight walks of the village, the birds overhead, even the daisies at his feet he saw. But all more vividly than all, he saw the great red sun with its hazy veil lingering above the treetops as though it pitied him with more than human pity.

He was a God-fearing and a God-serving man. He has long made his peace with heaven. Nothing stood between him and death—nothing rose pleading between him and those who were to destroy him but the sweet face of Lily de Vere, whom he loved. She had knelt at Cromwell's feet and pleaded for him. She wept with her prayers, but all without avail.

Slowly now the great sun went down. Slowly the last rim was hid beneath the green-wood. Thirty minutes more and he would be with God. He almost felt the air pulsate with the first heavy roll of the death knell. But no sound came. Still facing the soldiers, with his clear gray eyes upon them, he waited.

All nature sounded her curfew, but old Jasper was silent. The bell ringer, with his gray head yet bare, had traversed half the distance between his cottage and the ivy-covered tower, when a form flitted past him, with pale, shadowy robes floating around it, and hair that the low western lights touched and tinted as with a halo.

"Ah! Huldah, Huldah! the old man muttered; 'how swift she flies! I will come soon, dear. My work is almost done.' Huldah was a good wife, who had gone from him in her early womanhood, and for whom he had mourned all his long life. But the fleeing was not Huldah's. It was Lillie de Vere, hurried by a sudden and desperate purpose toward the cathedral. "So help me God, curfew shall not ring to-night. Cromwell and his dragons come this way. Once more will I kneel at his feet and plead!"

She entered the ruined arch and wrenched out of its fastenings the carved and worm-eaten door that barred the way to the tower. She ascended with flying and frenzied feet the steps, her heart lifted up

to God for Richard's deliverance from peril. The bats flew out and shook the dust of centuries from the dark carving. As she went up she caught glimpses of the interior of the great building with its gothic roof, its chevrons and clustered columns; its pictured saints and carved images of the virgin, which the pillages of ages had spared to be dealt with by time, the most relentless vandal of all.

Up—still up—beyond the rainbow tints thrown by the stained glass across her death white brow; up—still up—past arcade and arch, with griffin and gargoyle staring at her from under bracket and cornice, with all the hideousness and medieval carving; the stairs, flight by flight, growing frailer beneath her young feet; now a slender network between her and this outer world, but still up.

Her breath was coming short and gasping. She saw through an open space old Jasper cross the road at the foot of the tower. Oh! how far! The seconds were treasures which Cromwell with all his blood bought commonwealth could not purchase from her. Up—ah!—there, just above her, with its great brazen mouth and wicked tongue, the bell hung. A worm-eaten block from a step, and one small white hand had clasped the clapper, the other prepared at the tremble to raise and clasp its mate and the feet swing off—and thus she waited. Jasper was old and slow, but he was sure and it came at last. A faint quiver and the young feet swung from their rest and the young hands clasped for more than their precious life the writhing thing.

There was groaning and creaking of rude pulleys above and then the strokes came heavy and strong. Jasper's hand had not lost its cunning, nor his arm its strength. The tender, soft form was dashed to and fro. But she clung to the cold cruel thing. One stroke came and a thousand might follow—for its fatal work would be done. She wrenched her white arms about it so that every pull of the great rope it crushed into the flesh. It tore her and wounded and bruised, but there in the solemn twilight the brave woman swung and fought with curfew, and God gave her victory.

The old bell ringer said to himself: "Aye Huldah, my work is done. The pulleys are getting to heavy for my old ears, too, have failed me. I dinna hear one stroke of the curfew. Dear old bell! It is my ears that have gone false and not thou. Farewell, old friend!"

And just beyond the worn pavement a shadowy form again went flitting past him. There were drops of blood upon the white garments, and the face was like the face of one who walked in her sleep and her hands hung wounded and powerless at her side. Cromwell paused with his horsemen under the dismantled maypole before the village green. He saw the man who was to die at sunset standing up in the dusky air, tall as a king and handsome as Absalom. He gazed with knitted brow and angry eye, but his lips did not give utterance to the quick command that trembled on them, for a girl came flying toward him. Pikemen and archers stood aside to let her pass. She threw herself upon the turf at his horse's feet and lifted her bleeding and tortured hands to his gaze and once more poured out her prayer for the life of her lover; with trembling lips she told him why Richard still lived—why the curfew had not sounded.

Lady Maud looked out of her latticed window at the castle, saw the great projector dismount, lift the fainting form in his arms and bear her to her lover. She saw the guards release their prisoner, and she heard the shouts of joy at his deliverance; then she welcomed the night that shut the scene out from her envious eyes and sculptured her in its gloom.

At the next matin bell old Jasper died and at curfew toll he was laid beside the wife who had died in his youth, but the memory of whom had been with him always.

Proof of Death.

If most people are afraid of anything, it is of being buried alive. That cases do happen where it is very difficult even for the experienced physician to determine whether a person is really or but apparently dead, without his having recourse to means which, while they would at once settle the dispute, would place life, if it really still existed, in jeopardy, may be judged from the fact that the French Academy, some ten or fifteen years ago, offered a prize of 40,000 francs for the discovery of some means by which even the inexperienced may at once determine whether in a given case death had ensued or not. A physician obtained the prize. He had discovered the following well-known phenomenon: If the hand of the suspected person is held towards the candle or other artificial light, with the fingers stretched, and one touching the other, and one looks through the spaces between the light, there appears a scarlet red color where the fingers touch each other, due to the still circulating fluid blood, as it shows itself through the transparent, not yet congested tissue; but when life is extinct, this phenomenon at once ceases. The most extensive and thorough trials established the truth of this observation and the prize was awarded to its discoverer.

A GOOD-HEARTED GIRL.—"Wall," said the bootblack who sat next to the ally, and who had been keeping very quiet for a long time, "my gal aint stylish nor handsome and she haint got small feet and a Grecian nose, but she's awful good hearted."

"How good?" asked the one who carried three cigar stumps in his vest pocket.

"Well, the other night, when I'd been eating onions and she hadn't, she rubbed Limberger cheese all over her mouth, so as not to make me feel embarrassed.—[Detroit Free Press.]

A Rebuke Reversed.

Sister Grimes, after hearing the announcement from the pulpit of the annual camp-meeting at once determined to go. "Ef the weather permits," said she to her friend, Miss Simpkins, "and Providence is willin' I shall go an' stay through the meetin'."

Accordingly the ancient hair trunk was packed and Sister Grimes set out. The first few miles were uneventful and were passed in counting the telegraph poles and musing upon the infinite. Suddenly a change came over the spirit of her dreams. She sat upright, with a startled expression, suddenly she faced about and addressed a mild-looking man, with a white neck cloth, who sat behind her, inquired in a voice of terror:

"What do you mean by insulting me in this manner?"

"Indeed, madam—" "You needn't indeed, madam, me. You know you did it and you needn't deny it, you sanctimonious old hypocrite!"

"Pray excuse me, madam, but—" "I won't excuse you, you reprobate."

"What is the matter, madam?" inquired the conductor, who was attracted by Miss Grimes' indignant tones.

"Why, this old sinner has been insulting me."

"What has he done, madam?"

"He has—well, he has been pinching my ank—that is my feet."

"Madam, said the solemn-looking man, 'what a monstrous fabrication!'"

"Suppose you arise for a moment," suggested the conductor.

"There, he's just done it again," screamed Sister Grimes.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated the accused.

Sister Grimes leaped from her seat to the aisle with fire in her eye and the conductor pulled from beneath the seat a large bag, from a hole in which protruded the head of a large game cock, glaring fiercely about and lugging with his powerful beak at whatever lay near.

"Madam," said the solemn-looking man, "you see it was your own wretched bird that has done the mischief. You have accused an innocent man of a heinous offense, while you yourself are on your way to attend a cock fight. Thus it is that Satan betrays his followers."—[Boston Globe.]

Too MUCH IRONY FOR HIM.—"I had no idea you were a machinist," said a bright Gotham girl to her escort, an Anglomaniac of the first degree, as they stood watching the monkeys in Central Park the other afternoon.

"Aw, weally, you surprise me, aw," he stammered in great confusion. "Will you, aw, do me the favor, aw, to explain your conundrum?"

"It is no conundrum, Mr. Addlepat; it is a fact."

"But, aw, weally, why d'ye think I'm a horrid machinist?"

"Because every time you look in that cage you make a monkey wrench," murmured the cruel maiden.

Mr. Addlepat fell back into a baby carriage and was taken to the Home for Incurables.—[N. Y. Journal.]

The Dimensions of Heaven.

The following paragraph entitled—"The dimensions of heaven," is from Lewis' Penny Readings: "And he measured the city with a reed, 12,000 furlongs. The length and breadth and heights of it are equal.—Rev. xxi, 16. Twelve thousand furlongs equal 7,920,000 feet, which, being cubed, is 496,798,088,000,000,000 cubic feet. Reserving half of this space for the throne and court of Heaven, and half the balance for streets, we have the remainder of 124,108,292,000,000,000 cubic feet. Divide this by 4006, the cubical feet in a room sixteen feet square, and there will be 30,321,843,750,000,000 rooms. We now suppose the world always did and always will contain 990,000,000 inhabitants and that a generation lasts 334 years, making in all 2,070,000,000,000 every century, and that the world will stand 100,000,000 years, 1,000 centuries, making in all 2,070,000,000,000 inhabitants. Then suppose there were 100 worlds equal to this in the number of inhabitants and duration of years, making a total of 2,070,000,000,000,000 persons; and there would be more than a hundred rooms sixteen feet square for each person.

Tiff Johnson went out fishing again one day last week. He had a nice lunch fixed up, but upon arriving at the creek he discovered that he had lost it, so he retraced his steps. Meeting a large, satisfied-looking negro, who was picking his teeth, Tiff asked:

"Did you pick up anything in the road?"

"No, sah, I didn't pick up nuffin—could not a dog hab found it an' ef it wuz?"—[Texas Sittiner.]

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A Lawyer's Opinion of Interest to All.

J. A. Toney, Esq., a lead attorney of Winona Minn., writes: "After using it for more than three years, I take great pleasure in stating that I regard Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption as the best remedy in the world for Coughs and Colds. It has never failed to cure the most severe Colds I have had and invariably relieves the pain in the chest." Trial Bottles of this sure cure for all throat and Lung Diseases may be had free at Penny & McAllister's Drug Store. Large size \$1.

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from 8 to 12 A. M. and 1 to 5 P. M. Anesthetics
administered when necessary. [154-177]

Strayed or Stolen
From Stanford a little pacing RAY MARE, supposed to be about 14½ hands high, with one white hind foot, 3 years old past, had on an old saddle with new straps and blinkers. \$200 REWARD will be given for information that will lead to her recovery.
J. M. E. MOORE,
Stanford, Ky.

MYERS HOTEL,
STANFORD, KY.
E. H. BURNSIDE, - Proprietor

This Old and Well-Known
Hotel Still Maintains its
High Reputation.

Its Proprietor is Determined that
it shall be Second to no Country
Hotel in the State in its Fare,
Appointments, or Attention
to the Comfort of
their Guests.

Baggage will be conveyed to and from the
free of charge. Special accommodations
to Commercial Travelers. The bar will
always be supplied with the choicest
brands of Liquors and Cigars.

Saw Mill For Sale!
Having determined to change my business, I
offer for sale (privately) my Saw Mill, situated on
Brush Creek, in Casey county, Ky. The Engine
is stationary; Boiler 40x24; Engine 10x20; Counter
Shaft 28 feet. Edging Saw and Grind Mill attached.
The property is well-known and
In Good Running Order.

Timber plenty and accessible. I would be willing
to exchange for good farm stock, such as Mules,
Horses, Cattle, &c.
Persons wishing to engage in the lumber business
will find a good opening by applying to
HUGH LOGG, A.
Hustonsville, Ky.

G. F. Peacock

THE DRUGGIST,
HUSTONVILLE, - - KY.,

Is Preparing for a Lively Summer
Trade.

His line of goods, in every variety usually found
in a first-class House of the kind, is
large and complete.

Judicious Alterations in the Internal Ar-
rangements Secure Room Comfort
and Better Display.

Particular attention is called to—

A Large and Elegant Addition to the
Stock of Jewelry.

—And articles of vertu.—

HALE'S WELL.

Having leased this desirable resort and thor-
oughly renovated it, I am now prepared to accom-
modate the public at the following rates:
Board and lodging, per week \$7.00
Per meal..... 1.00
Cottage or room and cooking, per week 10.00
1 room..... 7.00
Single room, per week..... 5.00
Families who furnish their own rooms and
board at the Hotel, per week..... 5.00
No two families can occupy the same cottage
without first making a special contract. Special
rates to clubs. No persons allowed to take water
off in jugs unless he or she has a boarder. Stable
and accommodation for horses. Accommoda-
tions furnished from the train at all times.
R. C. ENGLISHMAN.
261-17

WELLS' HEALTH
RENEWER

Are you failing? Try WELLS' HEALTH RE-
NEWER, a pure, clean, wholesome

FOR Brain, Nerves, Stomach, Liver, Kidneys,
Lungs, An Unequalled Invigorant. Cures
DYSPEPSIA,
HEADACHE, FEVER, AGUE, CHILLS,
DEBILITY & WEAKNESS.

Nice to take, true merit, unequalled for
TROPIC, LIVER, and NIGHT
DYSPEPSIA, NERVOUS WEAKNESS,
MALARIA, LEADENESS, SOCIAL DEBILITY,
\$1.00 per bottle, 6 for \$5.00, at Druggists,
E. S. WELLS, Jersey City, N. J., U. S. A.

Buchu-Paiba

Remarkable Cures of Catarrh of the
Bladder, Inflammation, Irritation of Kid-
neys and Bladder, Stricture, Hematuria,
Discharge of the Prostate Gland, Tropical
Syphilis, Gonorrhea, and all Diseases of the Genito-
Urinary Organs in either Sex. For Un-
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also "Chapin's Injection Fluid," each \$1.
For Syphilis, either contracted or
hereditary, use Chapin's Constitution
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